



CLAY GEERDES' COMIX WAVE 113 © 1991. P. O. Box 7084, Berkeley, CA 94707. World Rights Reserved. Artwork and quoted material herein © the artists concerned. Used here for promotional purposes only. \$9 for the next twelve issues. Set of back issues \$ 40 postpaid.



COMIX PLUGOLA

Congratulations to Brad and Cindy Foster. They were married the 14th of September in Arlington, Texas.

You can get DOUBTS AND VISIONS 1 for \$1.50 pp from Ben Adams, 1305 Ea. Denny Way, #107, Seattle, WA 98122.

The Owl Gallery, 465 Powell Street, San Francisco, CA, 415-781-5464 will feature the animation art of Friz Freleng, the creator of Yosemite Sam and the Pink Panther, through October 19th.

CEREBUS 63-65 have been reprinted and are available at your local comic dealer.

"... a country's true liberty, its sense of freedom, the gas it its proverbial tank if you will, could in some ways be measured by the ability of its citizenry to get naked and dance around for hard currency."

Steve Lafler

Steve is co-publisher with Stephen Beaupre of BUZZARD, and the 4th issue is now on the stands with a great cover by Mary Fleener. Contributors include J. R. Williams, Roy Tompkins, Mario Hernandez, Dave Cherry, Julie Doucet, and Ken Brown.

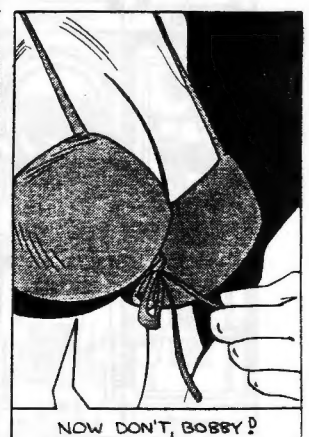
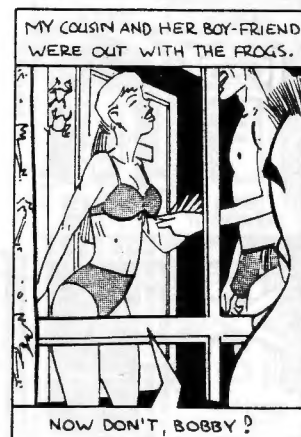
SHOOTY BEAGLE who began his career in a newave comic a couple of years back continues his career in SHOOTY BEAGLE 3 from Fantagraphics. The artwork is by Greg Budgett and Gary Dumm whose work I saw for the first time in Pekar's AMERICAN SPLENDOR [#16 of that title just out.]. Shooty and Dog Boy have a lot in common, namely human women. Bestiality continues to run rampant these days with Disney Comics in the lead. At the top of the Disney line is ROGER RABBIT, a comic in which a human [though cartoon] woman is married to a cloddish rabbit. Their sex life occurs off-panel. Not so with Shooty and Dog Boy.

So a note to those cartoonists into bestiality—the Canadian censors are out to get you. Couple of years back I wrote a

quasi-serious essay on animal and human sex for one of the American sex mags and it was rejected by an editor who told me that anything about bestiality got stopped at the Canadian border. Made me wonder how they dealt with Crumb's stuff. Or Reed Waller's Omaha or...

Reed Waller did a nice story called "Heat Loss" for Fantagraphics's REAL GIRL, billed as a sex comic for all genders and orientations. No animal sex in this one. Actually, the only thing animal about Waller's Omaha, one of our longest running soap op comics, is the faces and tails.

Panels shown are from BUZZARD, SHOOTY BEAGLE, and REAL GIRL.



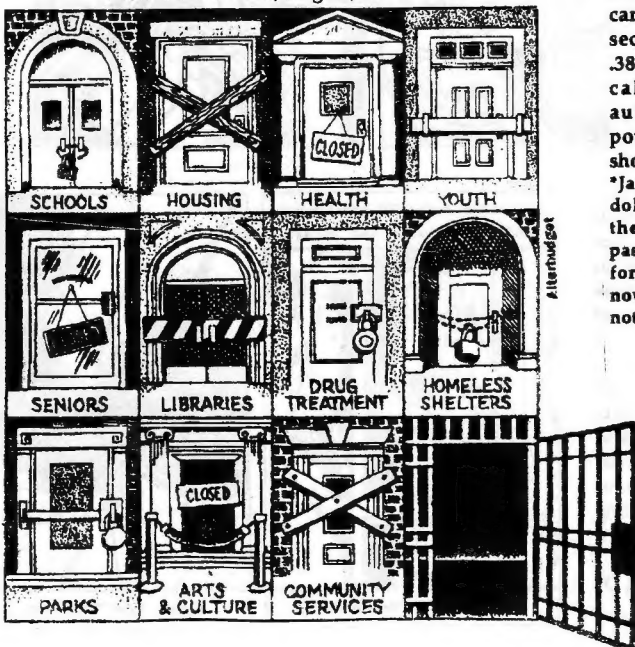
The single force that has helped change the mood of pop music from warm to cold, from human to mechanical, from song-oriented to image-oriented has been the technological revolution of the last half century that brought high fidelity and television to the masses.

The bigger-is-better mystique of technology has coincided with and fostered the macho ethic that has increasingly taken over pop since World War II and made *beautiful* a negative adjective reserved for ultraconservative music radio.

As the volume of pop has increased, hard rhythm has chopped up the traditional narrative song and turned it into a tribal shout. Rap, which dispenses with melody altogether, is the latest manifestation of the trend. Given the intensity of pop beats, the only way that story-telling could be perpetuated in pop without sacrificing those crucial beats was by giving up melody. Much of rap is really punk propelled by hard-funk rhythms and charged with anger over urban blight and social inequity. In laying out the brutal facts, it pulls away the protective masks of melody and a pretty voice the better to assert itself, and uses music as a tool of social assault.

Although the temptation is to blame outside forces for the deteriorating condition of pop, today's sound—like other major modern inventions, from the automobile to nuclear power—is something we created for ourselves. And like other technological innovations, it has its hazards. Deafening electronic feedback, for instance, is a kind of aesthetic toxic waste, since it can literally destroy hearing. And even though the shriek and clatter of pop records can be stimulating, it is also the musical corollary to junk food. Saddest of all is the fact that this music is inescapably an aural reflection of the material and spiritual world we inhabit. It is out collective chatter and romance of youth. And it has never sounded meaner, more aggressive, more denying of beauty, and more devoid of sensitivity, thought and feeling than it does today.

Stephen Holden
New York TIMES, August, 1990.



HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES

The security system at Jasna Polana* is strictly James Bond. All mail and packages are examined for explosives, cars are searched, every phone call goes to a central switchboard and is screened. Three logs are kept: a vehicle log, a phone log, and an activity log. The windows in the house are bulletproof glass. Two Johnson children remember their father telling them that in case of attack they were to run into the pool area because it would be sealed off from the rest of the house. Every resident of the estate is assigned a security number, employees have time cards, activities are monitored at all times by cameras in the trees and in plastic bubbles mounted throughout the house and grounds. There are electronic beams, sensors underground and under the floors and carpets within the house, panic alarm systems, and emergency telephone. These devices are tied to a central computer in a security room, where a staff of twelve security men monitors the cameras twenty-four hours a day. In the security department there is an arsenal of .38 caliber revolvers, .357 magnums, .45 caliber automatics, 9-millimeter automatics, M-16s and other high-powered rifles with scopes, 12-gauge riot shotguns.

*Jasna Polana is the name of a 30 million dollar estate built by Seward Johnson of the Johnson and Johnson company. It passed into the hands of his wife, Basia, a former Polish maid, upon his death. She now has the pleasure of living there. [my note. CG]

—Barbara Goldsmith
JOHNSON V. JOHNSON

In the end, each life is no more than the sum of contingent facts, a chronicle of chance intersections, of flukes, of random events that divulge nothing but their own lack of purpose.

—Paul Auster
THE LOCKED ROOM, 1984.

When Carol Kalish died of a heart attack in September, the COMIC BUYER'S GUIDE (Sept. 27) featured several pages of memorial ads for Carol, a few of them full pages. In the same issue was a short obituary for Rick Griffin by Craig Yoe and not a single memorial. There is a message there. I know Carol Kalish worked in the comics industry. I met her at Marvel's display at the San Diego Con a couple of years ago. That she was valued by the industry is evident from the testimonials in CBG, but Carol was not an artist and artists are the heart and soul of comics, not businesspeople. It disturbs me that I never see testimonial ads for artists. I understand full well the reasons why I don't see them, but I don't like it any better because of that understanding. The ads cost money and the industry and the distributors and the comic book stores have the money and it's clear they will spend it on an executive but not on a factory worker, not on an artist. Rick Griffin's death isn't even front page news in CBG. It's on page 22. Well, that's logical. Rick was a great artist, but he wasn't one of them; he was an underground artist, one of us.

Well, you can bet your ass the industry isn't going to run any memorial pages for their own bullpen workers either. You've read those back page obits for the great cartoonists who have passed on as well as I have. Filler between the ads, no memorials.

No art, no industry!

Most of what passes for education in the United States deadens the desire for learning because it fails to awaken the student to the unique value of his or her own mind. If the public schools employ the devices of overcrowded classrooms, recitations by rote, questions shaped to the simple answer of right or wrong, it is because the society regards the realm of thought as a subversive conspiracy likely to cause nothing but trouble. An inept and insolent bureaucracy armed with badly written textbooks instills in the class the attitudes of passivity, compliance, and boredom. The students major in the arts of failure and the science of diminished expectations.

Lewis Lapham, HARPER'S, July, 1991.

A woman in a classroom, as a figure of authority, is in a double bind. One, you have to be nurturant and understanding, or you'll be seen as cold, uncaring, and unsympathetic. There's no neutrality as men have. At the same time, in order to get respect, because of the rules of academia, you have to be cold and distant and authoritative. You cannot possibly be both. Male students tend to critique in terms of your intellectual style, while women students often want more from you emotionally than you can possibly give them.

—Robin Lakoff

